THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

Is PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

At $2 dollars and 50 cents per annum

by

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B. and third Sts Capitol Hill.

THE SILVER SPOONS.

A Tale of Domestic Life and American Manufacture.

By the Author of Key West and Abaco.

—Concluded.—

'Do you know who A. Barton is, my dear?'

'Of course, it is *old* Mr Barton's, Tom's father. Why mother I have read this a hundred times before. It is printed on my pap spoon, and on all the new fashioned silver we have in the house. But what of that?'

'Simply that, Miss Jane *Elliot*, I shall never give my consent for you to receive as a lover the son of a man who makes our spoons, and cleans our watches, and who, in short, is only a mechanic. Good night.'

Jane was too much surprised and grieved to say any thing, and she went to her room, her heart cruelly divided between the duty she owed to her mother, and the love that she had so long cherished for her betrothed.

I ought not to have written that last word. I am not a good novelist, or I would have been brought to my confessions, at a slower rate. However, it is a fact, Theirs was the rare case to which neither the language, nor the feelings of childhood had ever changed. They had vowed themselves to each other at least a hundred *times*. More and more solemn the pledge had grown at every repetition and when Tom came from college a few weeks before, it had been cemented with tears.

Ah! she was a noble girl that Jane!—Why did not fate give me a chance at her, or rather, why did not I, instead of flirting with all the pretty faces that I saw, why did not I love her, and cherish her as Tom did from the first.

However that is nothing to any body but myself. Jane rose next morning unrefreshed from her sleepless couch, and the first thing she did was to write Tom the following note,

Dear Tom—

My mother is angry with me for the intimacy to which I have admitted you and has directed me to break it off. So you must not come here so often. Nothing in my life has grieved me more than this, but I am sixteen only, and my mother's will is mine. Will you travel? I prefer no seeing you at all, than not to see you as of old. But be assured, wherever you go, and whatever may be your fortune, one heart will be with you, that of yours, ever.

Jane Elliot.'

Now was not she a dear girl. She wept when she wrote it, and she wept when she sent it, and she had dried her tears when little Caesar brought back this answer—

'Dear Jane,

Your letter was like a thunderbolt to me, and I am hardly able to pen a reply. But I see the wisdom of the course you suggest, and shall make my arrangements at once to go to the law school at Cambridge. I know my own heart so well that I can have no doubts concerning yours, and if labor, and toil, and success can win your mothers approbation it shall be mine. But in any case I am yours till death.

Thomas Barton.'

Accordingly, Tom went off to Cambridge, and devoted all his strength to the herculean task of piling up his legal knowledge higher than one story. Everette has said so many witty things in his days that he need not mind lending one occasionally, whilst I with envy in my heart was still playing the part of a faithful friend, and keeping Jane advised of all his movements, and of all his success.

But neither his success in his studies, nor the reputation which one years practice at the bar had given him, softened the prejudices of the Huguenot lady, and it was as much with a view of keeping them apart as anything else, that she travelled with her daughter every summer.

Edward Neville was precisely to the taste of the old lady. She favored him in every way—gave him a seat in her carriage, to *Lake George*, invited him to her private parlor, told him at what hour in the morning she drank the water—in short turned me completely adrift, and adopted him as her constant attendant.

I feared the result, and wrote to Tom about it. *In* reply he thanked me for the interest I had manifested but assured me that *he* had no fears, that he was laboring with assiduity to improve the little fortune he had inherited, for he was sorry to add that there was every probability, the Elliots would be in need of the assistance of their friends — and that very soon.'

This intelligence very much surprised me. I knew that the old gentleman had endorsed most imprudently for a friend who was speculating in western lands, but I had heard only the day before the most glowing accounts of the value of those lands.

However the season ended, and when leaving the springs Mr Elliot at his wife's earnest solicitation invited Neville to pay him a visit during the winter. He accepted it gladly went to New York sold his books, rented his office and told his friends that he had given up law, and was thinking of making an investment in the far South,

But the denouncement of this true history presses upon me and I must hurry its narration.

About the merry christmas time, our court house door, and village papers informed the people that the sheriff would sell all, that valuable, &c, &c., enumerating every earthly thing that Mr. Elliot possessed.

It was a melancholy truth. His friends debts came upon him with so suddenes that he was overwhelmed. He gave himself up for lost, refused every offer for assistance from Tom and myself, and every one else, and determined to let the law take its course. He confessed that all he wanted was time, but he declared he would not suffer any of his friends to endanger themselves for him.

Tom and I sat up nearly the whole night laying our plans, and it was determined that I should bid off every article, and that he would be prepared to pay for them.

On the day of sale one might have thought that there was to have been a funeral instead of a vendue. The bell seemed to toll in melancholy notes and the red flag that the old negro was hobbling about the village with one would have thought, by the countenance of those who looked upon it, was rather the forerunner of a pirate's visit, than of a sheriff sale.

The northern stage had just driven up to the tavern door, and a handsome man was stepping from it as the flag was passing. He caught it from the negro's hand and exclaimed, 'Good God! driver, what Mr Elliot is this who is to be sold out to day? Not Mr James Elliot, the rich planter!'

'Well I reckon it is,' was the cool reply, as he handed down hat box and dressing case, and a couple of large trunks.

The handsome stranger walked with a very unsteady step into the bar, and took up an old paper which one might have supposed that he was reading, if he didnot notice that he was holding it upside down He appeared to be dreadfully agitated but at length he started up and asked if the stage had gone.

The barkeeper told him that it had driven roung to the stable to change horses, an would be back in an instant.

The stage soon came with a new driver and fresh horses, and into it the handsome man tumbled with bag and baggage as before. As he wheeled off, the old driver said to the barkeeper.

'That is a queer chap. He rode on the top with me a while to day and told me he was gwine to spend the winter, and prhaps to live. Did he let you into his name and business?'

'No, but that infernal big trunk of his'n was marked in white paint, 'E. Nevile.'

Meantime the sale went on. The property realized more that enough to pay all that Mr Elliot was bound for, and yet was struck off for one third its value.

I settled with the sheriff, and then went to Mr. Elliot and offered to put the property again in his hands and give him his own time to pay for it:

He accepted my offer with tears in his eyes, and although I felt mean for taking even for a moment, the credit which belonged of right to Tom, yet I stood it like a man.

All would have gone on very well, but the wife of the man from whom Tom borrowed the money for the purchase was a gossip and could not keep to herself any thing she knew, and very soon the true state of the case was made known to the Elliots.

For a while Tom was very anxious about the result but he came to me one morning with this note in his hands.

'Dear Sir—I have behaved very foolishly. If you can add charity to generosity, come and see us, and you will find me very truly your friend,

Emile Neufchatel Elliot.'

It did not take Tom long to go. It did not take me long to explain to Parson Harris that his services would be wanted in the chancel one of those mornings.—The service itself was short though from my boyhood up, I never knew Mr. Harris to offend against a rubric. And it was a short ride from the church to the plantation. Mr. Harris said a short grace, and the dinner was delightfully long.

At the end of it I noticed Mrs Elliot playing with one of the silver spoons, and then suddenly dropped it when she perceived that I was observing her!

This motion drew general attention to her but though embarrassed for a moment she recovered herself, and said with a pleasent smile, 'I must confess, my dear Jane, that I am entirely happy in retracting a speech which I made to you some years ago. You shall have all the new fashioned spoons in the house, and I am sure it will be doubly valuable in your eyes, because the name you have adopted is already stamped upon it.'

Thus happily endeth the true history of the Silver Spoons.

TO AN ANGRY BEAUTY.

How like the night without a star
When gorgeous lightnings flash afar;
Hold the earths beauty to our view—
Doth anger love illumine.

Decking that fair and youthful form,
With such wild light as wears the storm,
When rushing winds arletterd wave,
And crest proud ocean's dark blue wave!

But when thy voice comes flowing clear,
With tuneful sound upon mine ear—
Bewildered by its charm I fall
And worship darkness, light, and all.

Resistless thus, when tempests tower—
What must thou be, most queenly flower,
When touched with love in every vein
Thy smiles begin to beam again.

A Rowdy intending to be very witty, thus accosted a lady in the street.

'Madame can you inform me where I can see the elephant?'

'No, but if I had a looking glass I'd show you a very large monkey.'

The rowdy slid.

A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was very much attached. 'I know not.' he replied, 'except the regard we have for each other.'

A Scotchman visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady quiet nook, said, 'that is the spot where I intend being laid, if I am spared.'

WASHINGTON CITY D. C.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1847.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT—NEW CLERKS CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

Wm F Price esq?

Mr. P. is quite a young looking man, and has a very fascinating appearance — He is about the medium height, of comely size, and a neatly formed figure. His face is round and fair, of the average fullness, with regular features of striking symmetry. His fair rounding forehead smooth, deep, and open as day, denotes energy and strength of mind. His neatly arched brown brow, is cheerful as the "noon-beams," and has an expression of gayety and benevolence. His fine classic eye is a bright hazel, and glows with an ingenuous warmth which can only flow from an honest and generous heart. His hair is dark and his countenance is open, buoyant and intelligent. In his manners Mr Price has all the ease and courtesy of polished life. He is from the State of *Mississippi*.

At this part of our note book we are at a loss. They are (all in pencil,) some fresh looking others not, a Messrs Haden Parker Dietz and Jones but former traits being left on the book, the whole is so mingled up that we are afraid of commiting some error. But we shall soon visit a friend of ours up in that neighborhood and will call and see about it.

At present our friends will please excuse us, we are about cementing our composing stone which amongst other mishaps took a notion to break in half.

[From the National Intelligencer of this city—

"POLITICS OF THE DAY.

Mr. Van Buren and the *Presidency*.—

"The Tioga Eagle, published at Wellsborough, Pa. has placed the name of James Buchanan at the head of its columns for the Presidency.

"The Wilkesbarre Farmer has placed the name of Martin Van Buren for the Presidency at the head of its columns, and gives the following letter in another part of that paper of the 30th of October."

In the letter mentioned above, Mr. Van Buren declines the honor in very grateful and very respectful term. The following extracts from it appears to be a neere and well done—

"Nevertheless I assure you, that whatever may have been my aspirations at other periods of my life, I have no desire to reoccupy that most elevated station.—I have already by the partiality of my countrymen, partaken very largely of the enjoyments of public life, whilst I have not shunned its labors or been exempt from its inquietudes. The favors and honors which have been profusely bestowed on me by the Democracy of the Union are, and I trust will ever be, present to my mind and gratefully impressed on my heart. Every day more and more confirmed in the soundness of the political opinions to which I have adhered, conscious of having always done my duty to the people to the best of my ability, having no heart burnings to be allayed, and no resentments to be gratified by a restoration to power, and finding my present position entirely adapted to my taste and disposition, I am sincerely and heartily desirous to wear the honors and enjoyments of private life uninterruptedly to the end."

"In the soundness of the political opinions to which I have adhered." This Every contract perhaps with the public had its extras, the appropriations always running short, appropriating money for one thing, and using it for another. Mr. Van Buren did not know the half of their outrages upon the people. They had spies and pimps every where, and even where Mr Van Buren did know of their lawless proceedings he was awed into silence, by the thundering voice of Mr. "Blair." of the Globe, by whom no very gentle hints were dropped that he, Mr. V. B. owed his elevation to him of the Globe, and his Demagogue friends which was true,

But opinions and actions are two separate and very distinct things.—We have no doubt but Mr V. B. deprecated the reckless waste of money,* (ninety two millions,) during the last two years of his Presidency, to come at which the Despotic Cabal broke through every barrier, erected for the security of the people, and trampled upon every feeling of honor and humanity, bartering away nearly every place of honor and trust for party support.

Such was their influence over Gen. Jackson, they made him believe anything. They eulogized Mr Van Buren up to the skies, and defamed every one who opposed him, no man was fit to succeed the General but Mr V. B. all of which was settled long before Mr V. B was elected.

In regard to the war, he Mr V. B. says—

"It is due to the future fame as well as present properity of this great nation that it be triumphantly sustained. What ever may hereafter be the propriety of instituting inquires into the necessity of its occurrence, with a view to the just responsibility to public opinion of our public servants, such an investigation may at this time, and under existing circumstances, as well upon principles of sound political morality as of national expediency, be well regarded as out of season. The war cannot now be concluded with honor unless we receive from Mexico a just indemnity for the past and reasonable security for the future. If these be not obtained, survivors of our gallant army who have by their deeds of valor confirmed the respect and compelled the admiration of the world, cannot be brought home without impeachment of the laurels they have so nobly won, nor the memories of the heroic dead shielded from the reflections of having sacrificed their lives in a worse than useless contest."

As no man had a better heart or a more kindly nature so no one had less independence. See how slow and cautious he shys the *Tariff and abolition*. This was called "non committal," and yet he would have made a good President had he not fallen into the lawless fangs of the demagogues. Not so, Mr Buchanan, he has the head as well as the heart, and comes out boldly.

Mr Buchanan.

In a letter written to his Democratic friends in Berks Pa. (anterior to the election however,) he goes into the subject at once. We shall only quote his remarks on the slave question.

"The question of slavery in one of its ancient aspects, has been recently revived, and threatens to convulse the country. The Democratic party of the Union ought to prepare themselves in time for the approaching storm. Their best security, in the hour of danger, is to cling fast to their time-honored principles. A sacred regard for the federal Constitution, and for reserved rights of the States, is the immovable basis on which the party can alone safely rest. This has saved us from the inroads of abolition. Northern Democrats are not expected to approve slavery in the abstract, but they owe it to themselves, as they value the Union, and the political blessings which bountifully flow from it, to abide by the compromises, and leave the question where that instrument left it to the states wherein slavery exists. Our fathers have made this agreement with their brethren of the South, and it is no, for the descendants of either party, in the present generation, to cancel this solemn compact. The abolitionists, by their efforts to annul it, have arrested the natural progress of emancipation, and done great injury to the slaves themselves."

He reasons upon the subject with a manly independence and a clearness which would convince any man of brains.

He father states that the most of the Californians is cold and barren, and not fit for any laborer but Northern constitutions.

Mr Buchanan seems to have the same opinion of the abolitionists that we have. It is plain to every one of common sense that it is not for the sake of the slaves or for the sake of humanity for the crime, least of all, nor do they oppose it from principle,* as they are strangers to principle. But because they are a poor crazy set of fanatics who have neither the heart nor souls of men, and because of the bitter rancour of their hearts against all their species who dare to think different from them. And when set on men, by their leaders (vide *history*) display the fiendish ferocity of wild beasts. There is no state, no sect, no party, no savage nation, guilty of more barbarity or unqualified cruelty—of which we ourself have been the victim.

We have likewise witnessed their abominable and unnameable crimes, while travelling which no doubt caused the distruction of our "Southern Tour" at Fayetteville North Carolina.

"Slavery is a sin," and upon that ground they oppose it. This is a great fallacy, why do they not heal their own sins? Why do they not banish crime, the blackest of crimes from amongst themselves?

There are more madam R's. than she of New York — though they may have an M D attached to their name.

Our friends will by this time see the elections in New York, and understand the threat at Syracuse Convention, viz. "it is in their power to give such a lesson to pro-slavery politicians as can never be forgotten." This means something more than abolition. Now if these people can convert the heathen, why not convert those slave holders?

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* It will still be remembered by some that disputes would often grow warm in the Cabal upon the subject of bestowing favors on rival applicants "To my certain knowledge John A— has done ten times as much for the cause" as Bill Anderson." The cause kind reader was the party, his country was out of the question.

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* There are many amiable people in the United States, opposed to slavery from principle. But they are peaceable, such as the Quakers, and many others who would be the last to unite with this blood thirsty crew, whose object is with the aid of the slaves in massacre and a general slaughter of all who stand in their power.

From the Richmond Va. Republican.

Taylor Electoral Ticket.

We observe that in several of the states both North and South preparations are making to form in state a Taylor Electorial Ticket, and we beg leave to call upon the friends of Gen. Taylor in Virginia to take early and prompt measures for the same purpose. We would suggest that here, as in other States, meetings be held various counties, and delegates appointed to an assemblage to be convented in Richmond, say on the 8th of January next for the purpose of forming an Electoral Ticket for Virginia.

It is important that the people take early action upon this subject, and prepare at once to give a substantial form and expression to their desires to elevate Gen. Taylor to the Presidency.

We have no doubt that with the mass of our countrymen Gen: Taylor is the favorite man for the Presidential chair. Could a vote be taken at this moment, we question not that the ballot box would prove the fact by an overwhelming majority. Public meetings in all parts of the country have placed his name before the nation for its highest office. The press in all quarters have responded to the public sentiment.—And we learn from intelligent gentlemen who have traveled extensively in most of the states, from Main to the gulf of Mexico, that the popular feeling is universal in his favor. One of these gentlemen, a sagacious observer and enjoying a high and deserved share of public respect, is not himself an advocate of General Taylor's election, but, in a long and extensive tour, he could not hide from his eyes the fact that, every were, the People's Man is Zachary Taylor."

But it is said Hon Henry Clay has been recently spoken of for the Presidency, with flattering confidence. This gentleman beloved as he is would throw many into rapture. the only thing to be feared is the risk. In General Taylor's success there is no risk.

From the Raleigh N C Star,

"The Loco Focos who blindly follow their leaders in opposition to Gen Taylor from interested motives, may look out,—The Huntress is taking the field for 'Old Rough and Ready.' When she draws the bow, the arrow is sure to find its mark."

We thank Mr Lemay—a friend of long standing for the compliment, and only regret that we do not deserve it.

As to the Presidency, we never interfere with it, as more becoming our sex, we leave that matter to the "Lords of creation." We believe however he will be the President, and that no other man can who is better qualified to bring the country back to its "ancient land marks." He is no party man, of good talents, and such a man is much needed.

☞ McClintock Young, chief Clerk of the Treasury.—We had the pleasure to see Mr Young too, he informed us it was not George Plitt formerly of the Post Office, Envoy extraordinary, &c, &c that was robbed at the Philadelphia theatre, it was an Iron trader by the same name, and that the Treasury was all safe.

(to be continued.)

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Steadily and Rapidly Increasing.

It has been the design of the publishers of the Post, (and if they may believe the testimony of many witnesses, it is one in which they have already succeeded) to make the Saturday Evening Post beyond all contradiction the

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Every week we furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—the Prices and sales of country Produce, and the cattle Market. Our bank note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. Careful Attention will be given to this important Department of the Paper, to make it accurate and Reliable.

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Of this long established house, for convenience and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber also long known to the public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks and attentive servants.

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

JOHN WEST.

August 23, 1846.

N. B. The house has undergone considerable repairs, and has been thoroughly cleaned from bottom to top!

J. W.

EYES RIGHT—LEFT FRONT.

Turn your eyes which way you will, the fine agreeable sensation and clear perception a vision is produced by the American Perilocal Glass, manufactured only by H. W. Paine, North Oxford M. S. They are acknowledged to be the greatest aid to the human vision ever invented. These Glasses can be had of the subscriber (who is the only authorized agent in this District) set in Gold, Silver or steel frames, also Parabolic Glasses, for near sighted people, and cataract Glasses for those who are unfortunate as to require them, at wholesale or retail. Also a few choice of Gold and Silver Watches.

Gold pens and pencils in Gold and Silver Cases, and genteel assortment of Jewelry which will be sold low for cash at his store on Pa. avenue a few doors east of Coleman's Hotel, corner of Pepper alley and next door to Dr. A. P. May's office.

STEPHEN EDDY.

Nov 8th, 1845.

THE PHILADELPHIA COURIER

With the Largest Subscription List in the World!!

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Original Legends of the Revolution—Historical Sketches of the Drama Philosophical essays—Letters from abroad classic Biographies gems of the poets—graphic Letters from New York, Boston, &c.—Revolutionary poems—Pictorial illustrations, &c. &c.

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ANDREW M'MAKIN,

Editor and proprietor, No. 97 Chesnut St. adjourning to Bank of North America.

PERSEVERANCE

COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the Passage House Corner Cortes House, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with the good Spirituous Liquors Wines Porter Ale and Cider as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping the most abundant supply of the best Oysters cooked every way and for private families.

WILLIAM PEYTON.

Washington, D. C.

PROPOSALS

For publishing in the City of Washington D C a new political newspaper to be called

COMMON SENSE

The

Workingman's advocate.

Whether in peace or War workingmen are the main stay of civilization.

Labor is the great law of human existence.—Our first parent was a tiller of the ground and one Command he received when driven forth from Paradise was the earth to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Labor is the life of Civilization. The Savage hunts or plunders to gain a subsistance which indolent Labor would procure without harm to any living thing.

Labor is the source of capitol, land lies waste until the hand of industry sows the seed and reaps the harvest. Machinery is powerless until enlightened labor gives it an impulse and then regulates its action. capitol is but a surplus of the earnings of labor, over what is needed for purposes subsistence and comfor.

Whether from necessary causes or not, capital has become divorced from labor, and acquired over it a power too often at war with its interests. It claims a consideration not yielded to labor, and even in this country, whose institutions are founded upon the doctrine of the equal rights of all men, it has secured an undue influence over legislation, determined to a great extent, the policy of the two great political parties, and rendered a large portion of the Public Press subservient to its interests.

name, whig or Democrat, believing that the time is not distant when the producing Classes will understand the sycophancy of the present day, Federalism under the Cloak of Democracy and whiggary in the disguise of Federalism both a combination of aristocracy which by intrigue manage to work their way into public life, and afterwards treat with scorn those who helped to place them snugly in power at rich salaries.

The Workingman has never been properly appreciated—labor, in all its calling, has always been treated as a mere implement of trade. The frugal Artizan has no encouragment in having his son instructed in the find chaste and beautiful taste of the mechanic Arts notwithstanding he may be in possession of a Classical education, so very requisite to place him at the head of his profession or trade.

We desire to call upon all the Working Classes, to rally in their strength at the next Convention, and select men from the Plough handle and Work shop, only be sure you know who they are. Do not for a moment suppose that their vocation unfits them for public stations, it is all preposterous to suppose so many of our Statesmen of the present day whoare supposed to be possessed of a high intellectual attainments, are still devoid of common sense as well as moral firmness. It requires good, firm common sense, to be a good and honest President, one that will look upon the masses and carry out their wishes, and not suppose that his position is above those who placed him in it.

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Pennsylvania avenue, between 4 and 5th street, where he manufactures Confectionery in all its varieties, in a superior style to any heretofore in this city. Ice creams of the most delicious flavor, cakes and jellies, with everything that belongs to his line of business. Orders will be thankfully received and handed to the shortest notice.

"MONTEREY HOUSE."

The subscriber having re-opened his old stand nearly opposite Coleman's Hotel, would be glad to receive a call from his old friends and the public generally.

The house has been thoroughly repaired from bottom to top; and it is fitted up in a style not surpassed, if equaled in the District.

The subscriber feels grateful for past favors, whilst heretofore engaged in business in this city, and hopes by strict attention to business and a determination to render satisfaction, to merit an increase of public patronage. His table will be furnished with all the luxuries of the season, and his bar with the choicest wines and liquors.

JAMES S. NEAL.

Washington D. C. Oct. 31, 1846.

P. S. Boarders received per day, week or month.

J. S. N

THE BEST AND HANDSOMEST NEWS Paper in the United States, is

THE FLAG OF OUR Union

Devoted to Domestic and Foreign Literature, news, Science, Arts and Amusement.

Independent of party or Sect. Published every Saturday by F. Gleason, corner of Bulfit and Tremont streets, Boston S. French 293 Broadway new York, A Winch, 116 Chestnut street Pa, Wm Taylor, Jarvis Building, north street Baltimore. The Unprecedented Success of this ably conducted and handsomely printed Family newspaper has induced the Proprietor to make such outlays as to render the 'Flag,' the most worthy of patronage of any periodical in the United States—a reputation indeed, which it has already acquired, among the many who have been so fortunate as to obtain it.—To substantiate this fact fully in the midst of all, we have only to state that it has already acquired a circulation of 30, 000

And it is now increasing in the ratio of at least five hundred per week This circulation has not been obtained by any extra exertions, but it is to be attributed solely to the appreciation of the paper in the mids of an enlightened and intelligent community.

☞ ORIGINAL $100 Prize Tale, from the pens of the most popular authors of the day, will always from an attractive feature of the paper. Also all the dramatic and Musical news together with the general intelligence of the day and an almost endless variety of items on all subjects,—Gave Lively satirical Comic and sentimental, combind to make it a paper calculated to suit every one.

Terms, two Dollars per annum, or One Dollar for six months invariably in advance.

Those in the country who wish to become subscribers to the 'Flag,' by enclosing the amount of subsciption in a letter [post-paid] to either of the above places, may depend upon receiving their paper regularly every week and in due time.

The Flag may be also obtained at all the Periodical Depots in the United States and of newsmen at four cents per copy.

N B. If the reader of this should have been so unfortunate as not to have seen this Model of newspapers, and should wish to do so before subscribing, can be gratified by enclosing us a five cent piece, (post paid,) to either of the above places:

F. Gleason.

AN ACROSTIC.

There is a bower of roses by Bendemeers stream.'
On these roses enraptured the poet enclined.
But an Havana cigar is more fragrant I ween,
And inviting than bowers with roses entwined
Come then, come the bower where Tyson reside
Come and puff off the cares of your business driaes,
O'er this bower the 'Genius of Smiling—

Segars of the finest from Cuba's bright Isle,
None here can equal, they're wondrous rare;
Under luxuries so fragrant, each care you beguile.
For they fly with the smoke and vanish in air,
For "tis clear and unquestionable," 'tis a genuine Cigar.

And wield and high' the [illegible] wreaths awoke,
Not cries of 'gathering,' but Havana's smoke,
Dance gaily o'er the head, as light as other feast.

Content with small profits, he solicits a hand
Invites you to call, he's determined to please;
Good Segars, fine Tobacco, all of a good brand,
And at his establishment no one need freeze,
Relying on friendship, dispensed to all fair,
Solicits of custom a moderate share.

Call and see N. B. Tyson, sign of the full grown Indian, 3 doors East of 4½ street Pa. Avenue.

☞ August 1, 1846.

P. W. DESILVER,

No. 18 South fourth street Philadelphia has constantly on hand, a full supply of all the principal school books now in use which he offers at reduced prices.

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Under luxuries so fragrant, each care you be-
Soon pass by with the smoke and vanish in air.
For "tis clear and unquestionable," 'tis a genuine Cigar.

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PROPOSALS

For publishing in the City of Washington D C a new political newspaper to be called

COMMON SENSE

The

Workingman's advocate.

Whether in peace or War workingmen are the main stay of civilization.

Labor is the great law of human existence.—Our first parent was a vine dresser—and on Command he received when driven forth from Paradise was the earth to obtain his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Labor is the life of Civilization. The Savage hunts or plunders to gain a subsistance which honest Labor would procure without harm to any living thing.

Labor is the source of capitol, land lies waste until the hand of industry sows the seed and reaps the harvest. Machinery is powerless until enligutened labor gives it an impulse and then regulates its action. capitol is but a surplus of the earnings of labor, over what is need ed for purposes subsistence and comfor.

Whether from necessary causes or not, capital has become divorced from labor, and acquired over it a power too often at war with its interests. It claims a consideration not yielded to labor, and even in this country, whose institutions are founded upon the doctrine of the equal rights of all men, it has secured an undue influence over legislation, determined to a great extent, the policy of the two great political parties, and rendered a large portion of the Public Press subservient to its interests.

No man, whig or Democrat, believing that the time is not distant when the producing Classes will understand the sycophancy of the present day, Federalism under the Cloak of Democracy and Slavery in the disguise of Federalism both a combination of aristocracy which by intrigue manage to work their way into public life, and afterwards treat with scorn those who helped to place them snugly in power at rich salaries.

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RAIL-ROAD HOTEL.

The undermentioned having taken the above well known Hotel, recently occupied by P Moran, East of the Rail Road Depot, between 1st and 2d Streets, is now prepared to accommodate any number of persons that may favor them with a call. Their table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season, and the bar with the choicest liquors.

Regular boarders received at moderate prices.

The subscribers feels grateful for past favors and hopes by strict attention to business, and a determination to please, to merit an increase to public patronage.

P. McGARVEY.

P. S. The bolling establishment formerly kept by them on F. street has been removed to the above named Hotel, where they would be glad to serve their old customers as heretofore.

June 6, 1846.

THE BEST OF THE WEEKLIES.

Neal's Saturday Gazette—New Volume.

Edited by Joseph C. Neal, Esq., author of 'charcoa. sketches,' Peter Ploddy and other odities, 'in town and about,' &c.

The subscribers have purchased the establishment of the Saturday Museum, propose to make it their basis of a new enterprise on an enlarged and liberal plan. The title and character of the paper will be changed and greatly improved. Indeed it is proposed to issue a weekly sheet of much higher pretentions to literary character, and typographical execution, than any that has yet been put forth in Philadelphia to be called 'Neal's Saturday Gazette and Ladies' Literary Museum,' will be issued on the 28th of October, 1846, and will combine all the advantages of the present weeklies with many improvements and additions beyond their reach. It will be printed with new and elegant type upon a very splended paper, such as is used in the finest book work. The principal editor, Mr. Joseph C. Neal, late of 'The Pennsylvanian,' has well deserved reputation, the country over, as a humorous writer of unrivalled abilities. He has been pronounced by a distinguished critic, superior to Charles Dickens in all that constitutes genuine merit as a comic writer, a keen observous of the ludicrous, and this opinion has been endorsed by the tens of thousands of his countrymen who have read his Sketches. Nor are his talents confined to one style of writing. All who have read his editorials know at once a graceful liveliness and good humor, graces his productions, yet, when occassion requires he holds a pen fearless and powerful to lash abuses, to expose vice or to defend the right. As a sound thinker, a man familiar with the wants of the people, practically and of choice an industrious writer, and as journalist known and respected for eminent abilities and gentlemanly bearing, the publishers think that in this editor, they have made choice of no common man, they feel assured that he will be accordingly welcomed by the American press from Maine to Georgia.

To render the paper in *every* respect what it should be, Mr. Neal has retired from all other connection with the ptess, and will devote the full force of his talent, industry and experience to the columns of the Saturday Gazette, which, powerfully backed as he will be by the ablest writers of the day, cannot fail to place the new enterprise far beyond the reach of competition, by concentraing upon it an amount of literary force which has never before been similarly brought together on this side of the Atlantic.

There is still another department in which the Gazette and Ladie's Museum will differ from other weekly papers. The fourth page will be edited by a lady of eminent talents.

Sect or party will be unknown to the columns. Literary Criticism, news, both foreign and domestic.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

One copy of Neal's Saturday Gaz. one year					2
Three copies	"	"	"	"	5
Eight	"	"	"	"	1
Tourteen	"	"	"	"	1
Eighteen copies of the Gaz. will be sent for					

Address, JOSEPH C. NEAL & C

SPRING CURE.

Doctor Quenaudon's extract of green herbs for purifying the blood and the cure of all diseases arising from its impurity, also of all other chronic diseases.

This fresh extract of herbs is produced from the most efficient botanic agents for purifying the blood and reinvigorating health, by taking away all impurities, acrimy and restoring to the blood its vital energy, and to the whole body renewed strenght, youthfulness and beauty. For it being essentially true, that "the blood is the element of life," to preserve the latter it is necessary to preserve the state of the blood healthy and uncorrupted. The subscriber during 20 years' practice in Europe and America has perfectly and rapidly cured with this extract of fresh spring-herbs all diseases arising from a vitiated state of the blood, even in these cases, where all others means had proved inefficient.

In the following diseases has botanic treament by means of these herbs has been particularly efficacious, viz:—Consumption, liver complaint bilious fever, bleeding at the lungs, rheumatism and gout, scrofula, ringworm, dropsy, swelling, and and derangemen of the pulmonary and digestive organs.

Price one bottle one dollar.

Dr. D. V. QUENAUDON,

Washington City, D. C.—April 1847.

DOCTOR

D. V. Quenaudon's

Office.

Penn. Avenue, south side,

2d door West of 12th street,

Washington, D. C.

R. W. LATHAM & Co's EXCHANGE AND BANKING HOUSE.

Corner of seventh and D. streets, opposite National Intelligencer office.

Bank notes—*Notes* on all solvent banks in the United States bought and sold at the best rates.

Drafts, notes and bills on Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, collected, and remittances promptly made in Baltimore, Phiadelphia, New York, or Boston funds at a charge of one quarter per cent. collections made on all the principal cities of the Union upon the most favorable terms.

Exchange—Bills of Exchange and bank Checks on most of the principal cities of the Union bought sold and at the st rates.

EYES RIGHT—LEFT FRONT.

Turn your eyes which way you will, the same agreeable sensation and clear perception a vision is produced by the American Perilocal Glass, manufactured only by H. M. Paine, North Oxford M. S. They are acknowledged to be the greatest aid to the human vision ever invented. These Glasses can be had of the subscriber (who is the only authorized agent in this District) set in Gold, Silver or steel frames; also Parabolic Glasses, for near sighted people, and cataract Glasses, for those who are so unfortunate as to require them, at wholesale or retail. Also a few choice of Gold and Silver Watches.

Gold pens and pencils in Gold and Silver Cases, and genteel assortment of Jewelry which will be sold low for cash at his store on Pa. avenue a few doors east of Coleman's Hotel, corner of Pepper alley and next door to Dr. J. F. May's office.

STEPHEN EDDY.

Nov. 22, 1845.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on seventh street, one door from the corner of Pennsylvania avenue, facing the Centre Market, recently occupied by John O. Cook, esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortes notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks and attentive servants.

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

JOHN WEST.

August 23, 1846.

N. B. The house has undergone considerable repairs, and has been thoroughly clensed from bottom to top

J. W.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE,

Friends of Morality and a pure Literature.

THE SATUDAY EVENING POST.

New Prospectus.

The proprietors of that old and firmly established paper, the Saturday Evening Post, are determined to maintain the reputation it has acquired of being, on the whole, the best weekly paper in America.

As the vigorous defender of morality and a pure literature, it has gained for itself a name which entitles it to take the lead of journals, which are afraid to speak out upon this most important question.

A Literary Journal.

As a literary journal the Post stands second to none. The best contributions of the American and Foreign mind, are procured to instruct and delight its large circle of readers—and no exertions shall be spared to render the Post a delightful companion both for old and young.

News.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other news will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

1 copy	"	"	"	2
3 copies	"	"	"	
8 copies	"	"	"	
12 copies	"	"	"	
17 copies	"	"	"	

SAM'L. D. PATTERSON & C

PERSEVERANCE

COFFEE HOUSE

THE subscriber having taken the Pres— ent Coffee House, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south corner of 9th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors Wines Ale and Cider as in any other establishment in the city—and he intends keeping the most abundant supply of the best Oysters cooked every way and for private families

WILLIAM BENTER.